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THE WREATH.

O TWINE me a wreath of the loveliest flowers,  
My lady's brow to shade:  
O gather the fairest from all the bowers,  
To bloom on a fairer maid.

And gather them all in the early time,  
Ere the spirit of fragrance flies;  
While the blossom is still in its morning prime,  
And the dew on the leaflet lies.

O twine me a wreath—but let not the blush  
Of the purpling rose be there;  
For it only speaks of passion's flush,  
And suits not her brow so fair:

Whilst the thorn that oft on the stem we find  
Is the pang that passion brings;  
But so holy and pure is my lady's mind  
It ne'er can feel its stings.

And seek not the gaudy flower of pride,  
For as ill would it become:  
And her modest glance thy choice would chide—  
The choice of such scentless bloom.

But twine me a wreath of the lily white,  
And mingle the violet blue:  
The one is like her soul so bright,  
The other her faith so true.

And bind the wreath with a myrtle tie,  
For my lady's heart can love;  
And its fragrant breath is like the sigh  
Which her gentle breast may move.

Then seek no longer amid the bowers  
Blossoms more rich or rare,—  
For these are the sweetest, simplest flowers,  
To shine on a maid so fair.—

And hallow their charms with a spell of might,  
That no blossom e'er may fade;  
But faith and truth, and virtue bright,  
Her brow for ever shade.

C.